

A Mess of a Hero

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[**A Mess of a Hero**](#) by [**im_patelling_you_to_stop**](#)

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Summary:

Richie is a knight, although not the best at his job, who is sent to rescue who he thinks will be Princess Beverly but who turns out to be one of her servants, Eddie

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Eddie had been stuck here for a while. That stupid dragon had scared everyone away, and since, being gay as hell, he was the only guy allowed in the princess's chambers, he had been the only male to defend her and her maidens. Stupid patriarchy... Only his idea of defending involved high pitch shrieking and being a distraction while the girls all snuck out, leaving him trapped. The princess, Beverly had promised she'd come back for him, but she sure was taking her sweet time. Then, one day, a knight crashed through one of the glass windows in the princess' chambers, landing rather gracelessly by Eddie's feet.

"Princess Beverly," the knight spoke in an over exaggerated deep voice. "I've come to... wait. Holy shit, you're a dude."

"Yeah, Beverly bailed a while ago," Eddie said with a shrug. "Guess I'm all you got."

The knight dropped his helmet to reveal a mess of curly hair and pulled glasses from his chain mail. Eddie noticed one of the lenses was broken and frowned.

"Well, I'm Richie," the guy explained , dropping his fake-deep voice for one that was surprisingly high pitched for his 5'7 stature.

Something outside crashed to the ground, and Richie shuddered.

"Yeah, I might've wrecked your castle trying to save you, dude. Sorry, I'm fucking helpless without my glasses. Know a way out?"

"If I did, i would've gotten out a long time ago," Eddie said. "Can't we just retrace your steps?"

"Not if you don't wanna be eaten by a dragon."

"The dragon's still alive?" Eddie squeaked.

"I did my best, okay?" Richie raised his hands defensively.

Just then, one of the bookshelves in the room swung open. Beverly

popped her head out with a grin that dropped when she caught sight of Richie.

"Dammit..." she muttered. "They were supposed to send one of the hot ones."

Richie scrunched up his face and folded his arms across his chest, and Eddie giggled at his pout. Beverly just shook her head.

"This way, dumbasses."

Eddie and Richie followed Beverly into the secret passageway and down the narrow path, Richie insisting on staying behind so he could "protect them like the chivalrously hot knight" he was and glaring at Beverly.

"I can't believe you left me here for over a week!" Eddie whined from behind Beverly. "You could've come back any time!"

"I thought I was doing you a favor! I didn't know they were gonna send this dunce to rescue you."

"What is this, insult Richie day? I'll have you know, I'm fucking adorable."

Eddie murmured in agreement, going scarlet when Beverly raised an eyebrow. Richie didn't seem to notice, though, just kept complaining about how "no one appreciates him."

Eddie stayed quiet for the rest of the walk through the tunnel, not wanting to say anything too embarrassing. As soon as they reached the sunshine, Beverly pulled him aside.

"You think this idiot's cute, don't you, you little gay mess?" Beverly said with a smirk.

Eddie's sheepish expression and halfhearted smack against her arm was answer enough. Her smirk deepened and she did a funny thing with her eyebrows that made Eddie laugh. Richie bounded over to them rather clumsily, his heavy armor clanking behind him.

"Hey, guys, what we talking about?" He asked, causing Eddie to

choke on air.

"Just how we still have about a ten mile trek back to the neighboring kingdom our people are staying at until we find someone who's capable of slaying the dragon," Beverly covered easily.

Richie rolled his eyes but didn't protest anymore. Instead, he decided to complain about his armor: how heavy it was, how loud it was, how his muscles ached, how he was being baked like a potato with the sun beating down against the metal.

"Why don't you lose some of it, then?" Beverly asked cheekily, shooting another one of her notorious smirks at Eddie.

"That's a fucking good idea," Richie said, stripping the scraps of metal from his body until he was left in tight pants and a cotton t shirt.

Now, Richie wasn't exactly buff, but he was in shape enough to romp around in heavy chainmail, so although he was wiry, he wasn't a stick. Beverly caught Eddie staring at him and mouthed, "you're welcome."

The three continued on at a slow and steady pace, Beverly making sure to go slow enough that Eddie could keep up and not embarrass himself. The pair had become pretty close to the point where they were friends rather than just princess and servant, and they exchanged goofy faces and inside jokes.

However, with each quip or smile between the two of them, Richie's wide grin seemed to dampen a little until he was almost scowling. Both Beverly and Eddie seemed to notice his drastic change in mood.

"Hey mop head, you ok?" Beverly asked.

"Yeah," Richie said, seeming distracted.

It was the worried look Beverly and Eddie exchanged a few minutes later that made him snap.

"I'm starting to feel like a real third wheel here," Richie mumbled.

"What?" Eddie said, cocking his head to the side in a confused

manner.

"If there's something fucking going on between you two, you can tell me. I'm not gonna tell the goddamn king or something."

Beverly snorted before dissolving into laughter next to Eddie, who's cheeks were once again flaming.

"You have got to be the dumbest person I have ever met," she said between roaring laughter. "Eddie is sooo gay, dude. He's, like, the gayest gay to ever gay. The kid has rainbow shorts."

Richie's eyes widened in surprise. He snuck a glance at Eddie, who was rocking nervously back and forth on his feet. It took approximately four seconds for Richie's usual grin to come back.

"Good, because he's cute as shit."

Eddie almost fainted. Almost. Instead, he tripped over a tree root, stumbled a little, flailing his arms, only to be caught by the boy who caused him to trip.

"Watch your step," Richie said quietly, not letting go.

"Uh, yeah, thanks," Eddie breathed, and he could've sworn Richie looked down at his lips before Beverly cleared her throat.

"Alright, Romeo and Dude-liet, we gotta get going if we wanna get back to the kingdom by sundown."

Richie helped Eddie to steady himself before letting go. Before he could walk away, Eddie did possibly the most impulsive thing he's ever done in his life. He grabbed Richie's hand. Richie looked down at their hands, then back up to Eddie's face and gave him a small smile before tugging him after Beverly.

And then Beverly was smirking again, not even bothering to be subtle about it as they started back on their way. The three of them trotted along, exchanging playful banter, Richie squeezing Eddie's hand after a particularly funny joke.

With every squeeze, Eddie felt a little gay panic, but it was the good,

"a cute boy is holding my hands after ransacking a castle to rescue me" kind of gay panic, so he didn't mind.

Even if Beverly thought he was dumb, even if he couldn't slay the dragon, even if he had probably damaged the castle so much that repairs would increase the kingdom's taxes a good 20%, Eddie was glad it had been Richie who was sent to rescue him.